

PS 3505
A49M5
1910
No. 199.

MISS DOULTON'S ORCHIDS

A Comedy in Two Acts

THE ACTING EDITION

BY

MARGARET CAMERON

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

All Rights Reserved

NOTICE.—The professional acting rights of this play are reserved by the publisher, and permission for such performances must be obtained before performances are given. This notice does not apply to amateurs, who may perform the play without permission. All professional unauthorized productions will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.



PRICE, 25 CENTS.

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHERS
28 & 30 WEST 38 STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

Price 15 Cents each.—Bound Volumes \$1.25.

VOL. I.

- 1 Ion
- 2 Fazio
- 3 The Lady of Lyons
- 4 Richelieu
- 5 The Wife
- 6 The Honeymoon
- 7 The School for Scandal
- 8 Money

VOL. II.

- 9 The Stranger
- 10 Grandfather Whitehead
- 11 Richard III
- 12 Love's Sacrifice
- 13 The Gamester
- 14 A Cure for the Heartache
- 15 The Hunchback
- 16 Don Cesar de Bazan

VOL. III.

- 17 The Poor Gentleman
- 18 Hamlet
- 19 Charles II
- 20 Venice Preserved
- 21 Pizarro
- 22 The Love Chase
- 23 Othello
- 24 Lend me Five Shillings

VOL. IV.

- 25 Virginius
- 26 King of the Commons
- 27 London Assurance
- 28 The Rent Day
- 29 Two Gentlemen of Verona
- 30 The Jealous Wife
- 31 The Rivals
- 32 Perfection

VOL. V. [Debts]

- 33 A New Way to Pay Old
- 34 Look Before You Leap
- 35 King John
- 36 Nervous Man
- 37 Damon and Pythias
- 38 Claudine Marriage
- 39 William Tell
- 40 Day after the Wedding

VOL. VI.

- 41 Speed the Plough
- 42 Romeo and Juliet
- 43 Feudal Times
- 44 Charles the Twelfth
- 45 The Bride
- 46 The Follies of a Night
- 47 Iron Chest [Fair Lady]
- 48 Faint Heart Never Won

VOL. VII.

- 49 Road to Ruin
- 50 Macbeth
- 51 Temper
- 52 Evadne
- 53 Hertram
- 54 The Duenna
- 55 Much Ado About Nothing
- 56 The Critic

VOL. VIII.

- 57 The Apostate
- 58 Twelfth Night
- 59 Brutus
- 60 Sampson & Co
- 61 Merchant of Venice
- 62 Old Heads & Young Hearts
- 63 Mountaineers [riage]
- 64 Three Weeks after Mar-

VOL. IX.

- 65 Love
- 66 As You Like It
- 67 The Elder Brother
- 68 Werner
- 69 Gisippus
- 70 Town and Country
- 71 King Lear
- 72 Blue Devils

VOL. X.

- 73 Henry VIII
- 74 Married and Single
- 75 Henry IV
- 76 Paul Fry
- 77 Guy Mannering
- 78 Sweethearts and Wives
- 79 Serious Family
- 80 Sue Stoops to Conquer

VOL. XI.

- 81 Julius Caesar
- 82 Vicar of Wakefield
- 83 Leap Year
- 84 The Catpaw
- 85 The Passing Cloud
- 86 Drunkard
- 87 Rob Roy
- 88 George Barnwell

VOL. XII.

- 89 Ingomar
- 90 Sketches in India
- 91 Two Friends
- 92 Jane Shore
- 93 Corsican Brothers
- 94 Mind your own Business
- 95 Writing on the Wall
- 96 Hair at Law

VOL. XIII.

- 97 Soldier's Daughter
- 98 Douglas
- 99 Marco Spada
- 100 Nature's Nobleman
- 101 Sardanapalus
- 102 Civilization
- 103 The Robbers
- 104 Katharine and Petruchio

VOL. XIV.

- 105 Game of Love
- 106 Midsummer Night's
- 107 Ernestine [Dream]
- 108 Rag Picker of Paris
- 109 Flying Dutchman
- 110 Hypocrite
- 111 Therese
- 112 La Tour de Nesle

VOL. XV.

- 113 Ireland As It Is
- 114 Sea of Ice
- 115 Seven Clerks
- 116 Game of Life
- 117 Forty Thieves
- 118 Bryan Borohime
- 119 Romance and Reality
- 120 Ugolino

VOL. XVI.

- 121 The Tempest
- 122 The Pilot
- 123 Carpenter of Rouen
- 124 King's Rival
- 125 Little Treasure
- 126 Dombey and Son
- 127 Parents and Guardians
- 128 Jewess

VOL. XVII.

- 129 Camille
- 130 Married Life
- 131 Wenlock of Wenlock
- 132 Rose of Ettrickvale
- 133 David Copperfield
- 134 Alina, or the Rose of
- 135 Pauline [Kilmarney]
- 136 Jane Eyre

VOL. XVIII.

- 137 Night and Morning
- 138 Ethioip
- 139 Three Guardsmen
- 140 Tom Cringle
- 141 Henriette, the Forsaken
- 142 Eustache Baudin
- 143 Ernest Maltravers
- 144 Bold Dragons

VOL. XIX.

- 145 Dred, or the Dismal
- 146 Last Days of Pompeii
- 147 Esmeralda
- 148 Peter Wilkins
- 149 Ben the Boatswain
- 150 Jonathan Bradford
- 151 Retribution
- 152 Minerali

VOL. XX.

- 153 French Spy
- 154 Woept of Wish-ton Wish
- 155 Evil Genius
- 156 Ben Bolt
- 157 Sailor of France
- 158 Red Mask
- 159 Life of an Actress
- 160 Wedding Day

VOL. XXI.

- 161 All's Fair in Love
- 162 Hofer
- 163 Self
- 164 Chanderella
- 165 Phantom
- 166 Franklin [Moscow]
- 167 The Gunmaker
- 168 The Love of a Prince

VOL. XXII.

- 169 Son of the Night
- 170 Rory O'More
- 171 Golden Eagle
- 172 Riennel
- 173 Broken Sword
- 174 Rip Van Winkle
- 175 Isabelle
- 176 Heart of Mid Lothian

VOL. XXIII.

- 177 Actress of Padua
- 178 Floating Beacon
- 179 Bride of Lammermoor
- 180 Cataract of the Ganges
- 181 Robber of the Rhine
- 182 School of Reform
- 183 Wandering Boys
- 184 Mazeppa

VOL. XXIV.

- 185 Young New York
- 186 The Victim
- 187 Romance after Marriage
- 188 Bigand
- 189 Poor of New York
- 190 Ambrose Gwinnett
- 191 Raymond and Agnes
- 192 Gambler's Fate

VOL. XXV.

- 193 Father and Son
- 194 Massaniello
- 195 Sixteen String Jack
- 196 Youthful Queen
- 197 Skeleton Witness
- 198 Inkeeper of Abbeville
- 199 Miller and his Men
- 200 Aladdin

VOL. XXVI.

- 201 Adrienne the Actress
- 202 Udine
- 203 Jesse Brown
- 204 Asmodeus
- 205 Mormons
- 206 Blanche of Brandywine
- 207 Viola
- 208 Deserted

VOL. XXVII.

- 209 Americans in Paris
- 210 Victorine
- 211 Wizard of the Wave
- 212 Castle Spectre
- 213 Horse-shoe Robinson
- 214 Armand, Mrs. Mowatt
- 215 Fashion, Mrs. Mowatt
- 216 Glance at New York

VOL. XXVIII.

- 217 Inconstant
- 218 Uncle Tom's Cabin
- 219 Guide to the Stage
- 220 Veteran
- 221 Miller of New Jersey
- 222 Dark Hour before Dawn
- 223 Midsum' Night's Dream [Laura Keane's Edition]
- 224 Art and Artifice

VOL. XXIX.

- 225 Poor Young Man
- 226 Ossawatimie Brown
- 227 Pope of Rome
- 228 Oliver Twist
- 229 Pauvrete
- 230 Man in the Iron Mask
- 231 Knight of Arva
- 232 Moll Pitcher

VOL. XXX.

- 233 Black Eyed Susan
- 234 Satan in Paris
- 235 Rosina Meadows [see]
- 236 West End, or Irish Hair
- 237 Six Degrees of Crime
- 238 The Lady and the Devil
- 239 Avenger, or Moor of Sicily
- 240 Masks and Faces [Ly]

VOL. XXXI.

- 241 Merry Wives of Windsor
- 242 Mary's Birthday
- 243 Shandy Maguire
- 244 Wild Oats
- 245 Michael Erle
- 246 Idiot Witness
- 247 Willow Copse
- 248 People's Lawyer

VOL. XXXII.

- 249 The Boy Martyrs
- 250 Lucretia Borgia
- 251 Surgeon of Paris
- 252 Patrician's Daughter
- 253 Shoemaker of Toul use
- 254 Momentous Question
- 255 Love and Loyalty
- 256 Robber's Wife

VOL. XXXIII.

- 257 Dumb Girl of Genoa
- 258 Wreck Ashore
- 259 Clari
- 260 Rural Felicity
- 261 Wallace
- 262 Madelaine
- 263 The Fireman
- 264 Grist to the Mill

VOL. XXXIV.

- 265 Two Loves and a Life
- 266 Annie Blake
- 267 Steward
- 268 Captain Kyd
- 269 Nick of the Woods
- 270 Marble Heart
- 271 Second Love
- 272 Dream at Sea

VOL. XXXV.

- 273 Breach of Promise
- 274 Review
- 275 Lady of the Lake
- 276 Still Water Runs Deep
- 277 The Scholar
- 278 Helping Hands
- 279 Faust and Marguerite
- 280 Last Man

VOL. XXXVI.

- 281 Belle's Stratagem
- 282 Old and Young
- 283 Raffiella
- 284 Ruth Oakley
- 285 British Slave
- 286 A Life's Ransom
- 287 Giralda
- 288 Time Tries All

VOL. XXXVII.

- 289 Ella Rosenberg
- 290 Warlock of the Glen
- 291 Zelina
- 292 Beatrice
- 293 Neighbor Jackwood
- 294 Wonder
- 295 Robert Emmet
- 296 Green Bushes

VOL. XXXVIII.

- 297 Flowers of the Forest
- 298 A Bachelor of Arts
- 299 The Midnight Banquet
- 300 Husband of an Hour
- 301 Love's Labor Lost
- 302 Naia Queen
- 303 Caprice
- 304 Cradle of Liberty

VOL. XXXIX.

- 305 The Lost Ship
- 306 Country Squire
- 307 Fraud and its Victims
- 308 Putnam
- 309 King and Deserter
- 310 La F ammina
- 311 A Hard Struggle
- 312 Gwinnetta Vaughan

VOL. XL.

- 313 The Love Knot [Judge]
- 314 Lavater, or Not a Bad
- 315 The Noble Heart
- 316 Coriolanus
- 317 The Winter's Tale
- 318 Eveleen Wilson
- 319 Ivanhoe
- 320 Jonathan in England

(French's Standard Drama Continued on 3d page of Cover.)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City.

New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request.

MISS DOULTON'S ORCHIDS

A Comedy in Two Acts

THE ACTING EDITION

BY
MARGARET CAMERON

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY SAMUEL FRENCH

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
28 & 30 WEST 38 STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

PS 3505
A 4911
1910

711-11-11
MISS DOULTON'S ORCHIDS.

A Comedy in Two Acts.

Characters.

211P-2-11-11 37
CECILY BELKNAP.

BESS MAYNARD.

POLLY WINSLOW.

OWEN BELKNAP.

GORDON McALLISTER.

KENNETH MOORE, Belknap's Cousin.

MISS MOULTON'S ORCHIDS.

ACT I

Morning

Living room of Belknap's country house. A door on the right, leading to a veranda, is open. Other doors at the back and on the left lead respectively to the hall and the library. The room is charmingly furnished, easy-chairs and a multitude of cushions giving evidence of constant and familiar occupancy. A framed photograph of Owen stands on a table up L., which also contains books and magazines.

CECILY BELKNAP, a smiling, vivacious, gracious young matron of twenty-five; is discovered sitting down L., in confidential chat with BESS MAYNARD, a spinster of thirty, whose mildly cynical point of view is indicated by a slightly satirical smile and contradicted by the quick sympathy of her glance. Both wear cotton morning gowns. CECILY is sewing and BESS holds an open book in her hand.

CECILY (*continuing conversation*). And Polly declares she's going home next week. I hope she hasn't quarrelled with Ken, but I can't think of anything else that should send her off in this sudden fashion.

BESS. I thought she was going to stay another month.

CECILY. So did I, until this morning. I'm sure that was her intention when she came, and I can't

think of anything that can have happened except, as I say, she may have quarrelled with Ken.

BESS (*rising and going to door R.*). Well, if she has there are symptoms of a reconciliation, for she has just appeared in the garden and he is racing down the walk to overtake her.

CECILY (*springing up to look out*). Really? Oh, good! I do wish those two would make a match!

BESS (*coming down R.*). I wonder what there is in the early stages of matrimony that infects all women with the match-making microbe? Nobody seems to escape.

CECILY. It's because we want to see all our friends as happy as we are. Bess (*wistfully*), aren't you ever going to marry?

BESS (*cheerfully*). Well, not until I'm asked, anyway.

CECILY (*coming down briskly*). Oh, nonsense! You've refused nearly every man you know! I asked Gordon McAllister why he hadn't proposed to you——

BESS. Cecily!

CECILY (*lightly*). Oh, you know Gordon proposes to everybody! He said that no man voluntarily bored a woman with repetitions, and that it was understood that all known forms of proposal had been exhausted upon you without effect.

BESS (*with dignity*). Really, Cecily, you must not——

CECILY (*airily*). Now, don't mount your prancing steed in that fashion. At home it was perfectly understood that Gordon should propose to all the girls every summer. It was part of the programme for the season—and, I must say, he does it well! We used to wonder, sometimes, what he'd do if one of us should accept him. I threatened to do it once, just for fun, but Owen came that summer, and I forgot it.

BESS (*drily*). Then, Mr. McAllister is a sort of sentimental reservoir, is he? Always on tap?

CECILY. Exactly! come to think of it, Bess, I believe you're the only unmarried woman he has ever

known to whom he hasn't proposed. I wonder if it means anything?

BESS (*crossing with a short laugh*). Cecily, you are incorrigible! Oh, here comes Polly,

Enter from the hall POLLY WINSLOW, an impulsive, tender-eyed, radiant girl of twenty-two, carrying a handful of letters. She is followed almost immediately by OWEN BELKNAP, a tall, vigorous, well-knit man of thirty, and GORDON McALLISTER, a bachelor of thirty-eight, shrewd, genial, kindly. The men carry the morning papers. OWEN sits, down L. GORDON joins BESS, C.

POLLY. The boy has just brought the mail. Here are two for you, Cecily, and three for me, and one for —Mr. Moore.

CECILY (*at window, calling*). Ken! Oh, Ken! Here's a letter for you.

(KENNETH MOORE, *an impulsive, good-natured, quick, boyish fellow of twenty-four, appears in the doorway leading to the veranda.*)

KENNETH. A letter for me? Who from?

CECILY. How should we know? (KENNETH *takes the letter and opens it, with a murmured apology. He perches on arm of chair near OWEN, down L. CECILY sighs as she reads her mail.*) Oh, me! Another bridge party! That makes three next week!

BESS. That's because you're so incorruptibly accommodating, Cecily. I never play bridge.

GORDON. Is that because you are never willing to expose your hand, Miss Maynard?

BESS. At least, I prefer to reserve the right to play it myself.

KENNETH. I say! This letter's from Fred Grover.

POLLY (*looking up from her letters, takes him up after "Grover."*) Fred Grover? Isn't he the man who's in love with Marie Doulton?

BESS (C.) (*mischievously glancing at OWEN and KENNETH, down L. who frown uneasily*). The man? Has anybody arrived at the distinction of being *the* man? Did ever any man know Marie Doulton without falling in love with her?

OWEN (*aside to KEN.*) Oh, what's the use of raking up old skeletons?

CECILY. Why, you knew her, didn't you, Owen, before she went on the stage?

OWEN (*carelessly*). Yes. Yes, of course; I knew her. (BESS *conceals a smile*.)

CECILY. There, Bess! There's one man.

BESS (*sauntering down L.*) Oh, well—she wasn't an actress then. That makes all the difference in the world, you know. (OWEN and KENNETH *throw her relieved glances*.)

KENNETH (*aside to BESS, placing chair for her*). You're a good fellow, Bess, if you are a tease! (*He joins POLLY*.)

POLLY (*half absorbed in her mail*). They say Fred Grover has completely lost his heart.

KENNETH. And his head as well, if I'm any judge. He says she's coming here——

BESS. Is she? I didn't know that.

KENNETH. Yes, she opens in town to-night, and Fred says——

POLLY (*taking him up on "Fred"*). Is she as beautiful as people say? I've never seen her.

BESS. She's the most beautiful woman I ever saw—and the most fascinating.

GORDON. You know her? You're fond of her.

BESS. I went to school with her!

GORDON (*with enthusiasm*). Let's all go to see her!

OWEN (*laughing*). "The ruling passion"! It's no use, Gordon! She's adamant. Wealth, position, titles, love, separately and in combination, have all failed to tempt her from the stage.

GORDON. I suppose one may look at her? Can she act?

KENNETH. Can she act! Good heavens, man, where have you lived? She had New York literally at her feet last season.

GORDON. That's no criterion. I ask you, can she act?

OWEN. She can! All together, now! (*Waves his arms.*)

OWEN, KENNETH, CECILY, BESS (*in unison, laughing*). She—can!

OWEN. Now, are you satisfied?

GORDON. Entirely. When shall we go to see her! I'll get a box.

CECILY. To-morrow night?

GORDON. To-morrow night. I'll 'phone for seats at once.

CECILY. Don't get a stage-box, Gordon. One never sees anything but the audience, and the prompter in the flies.

GORDON. You come and conduct the negotiations, then.

CECILY. Very well. Come on, girls, we'll all go and superintend Gordon's order.

(*BESS, CECILY, POLLY and GORDON troop out to the hall, laughing and chatting as they go.*)

KENNETH. Say, Owen, haven't you ever told Cecily about your affair with Marie?

OWEN. Well—er—no. You see, it wouldn't do any particular good, and it might worry her, so——

KENNETH (*thoughtfully*). H'm. Yes, I suppose so. Well (*laughing*) Fred seems to be going the usual pace. He wants me to——

(*As he says "He wants—" enter CECILY from the hall with a telegram, which she hands to OWEN.*)

CECILY (*as she enters, interrupting on "wants"*). Here's a message for you, Owen, marked "rush."

OWEN. Wonder what's up now? (*He reads the tele-*

gram.) Oh, it's from that fellow up at Centerville. He's in hot water again. You'll have to go up immediately, Ken. (CECILY goes out.)

KENNETH. Confound him! He's more trouble than he's worth. I wish you'd take that business away from him, Owen.

OWEN (*looking at his watch*). If you hurry you'll get the nine-thirty.

KENNETH (*resignedly*). All right. I wanted to take Polly to the links to-day, too!

OWEN. Well, run along! You've only twelve minutes to catch that train.

KENNETH. All right. (*He stops in the doorway*). Oh, by Jove, I forgot! Owen, you'll be in town to-day, won't you? Run into Bauer's and order the finest bunch of roses you can find—five dozen American Beauties—unless there are others more expensive. If there are get *them*—five dozen of them—and send them, with this card—(*feels in his pockets*) what the deuce did I do with the thing? Oh! here it is!

OWEN. To Polly?

KENNETH. No; to Marie Doulton. There's the address (*scribbling on the envelope in which the card is enclosed*). Don't forget, on your life, or you'll get me into no end of a scrape! (*Tosses envelope to OWEN and hurries to the door.*)

OWEN. But I say, Ken! Hold on! You don't mean——

KENNETH (*watch in hand*). Yes, I do! Never mind the price. Get them, sure! Good-bye. (*Runs off.*)

OWEN (*in doorway*). But, Ken, hold on!

KENNETH (*outside*). That's all right. I'll miss that train! (OWEN turns the envelope over in his hands, shaking his head dubiously).

Enter CECILY, POLLY, and BESS from the library.

CECILY. Gordon's waiting for you to go to the links, Owen.

OWEN (*shortly*). Can't. I'm going to town.

CECILY. To town? I thought you and Ken were going to stay over all day to-day.

OWEN. We were, but Ken's been called to Center-ville, and I've got to go to town to attend to—some business. (*He looks distastefully at the envelope in his hand.*)

CECILY. Well, go and tell Gordon, then. He's waiting. (*OWEN goes out.*)

(*CECILY, POLLY and BESS dispose themselves comfortably in easy-chairs.*)

CECILY (*to POLLY*). Well, why you insist, all at once, upon going home, I don't see!

BESS. Nor I. Isn't your bed good?

CECILY. Isn't the weather perfect?

BESS. Aren't we agreeable?

CECILY. And the men attentive? Ken's your shadow, and I'm sure, Owen fairly dotes upon you!

POLLY. You don't seem to object.

CECILY. Well, mercifully, I'm not jealous—of my friends.

POLLY (*curiously*). Are you jealous of anybody?

CECILY. No. That is—why, no, of course not! Jealousy and vulgarity are synonymous terms. I trust neither applies to me.

POLLY. I'm so glad you feel that way, dear! It's so—*common*—to be jealous! Besides, I can't imagine a girl marrying a man unless she could trust him absolutely, in the face of everything, can you?

BESS (*in laughing accusation*). Polly, you're in love!

POLLY (*much confused*). Why, Bess, what nonsense!

CECILY (*complacently*). Well, of course, I never cared for anybody but OWEN——

BESS (*groaning*). "The only man I ever loved!"

CECILY (*indignantly*). Well, he is! And nothing could ever make me the least little speck jealous of Owen. He honestly believes that I'm the only perfect woman in the world. You know, girls, it sometimes frightens me to think what might happen if he should

discover, some day, that I'm only an ordinary sort of person, after all.

POLLY (*gravely nodding*). I know. One wonders how long one can live up to it.

BESS (*mischievously*). You know, I wonder if it isn't better not to marry at all, than to live in constant dread of falling off one's pedestal.

CECILY. Oh, my, no!

POLLY. Oh, no, Bess!

CECILY. It deprives one of so much, not to marry.

POLLY (*impulsively*). Girls—— (*She stops as suddenly as she began.*)

CECILY. Well?

POLLY. Oh, nothing.

BESS. Go on, Polly. It racks the nerves to be excited that way, and then held in suspense.

POLLY (*confused*). No, I—it's nothing. I thought I'd say something—but I changed my mind.

CECILY. I hope you were going to say that you've decided not to go home. Polly, why don't you stay?

POLLY. Oh, I can't! There's so much to do!

BESS. To do! What on earth have you to do? If ever there was a lily of the field, it's Polly Winslow!

POLLY. Oh, there's sewing, you know, and——

CECILY. Sewing! *You?*

BESS. My prophetic soul! I knew it!

POLLY (*half-defiantly*). What?

BESS (*rising*). It's a trousseau! You've been going and getting engaged!

CECILY (*jumping up*). Polly! Have you?

POLLY (*rising*). Y-y-yes, but—— (*CECILY embraces her rapturously; BESS more calmly.*)

CECILY. When, Polly? When?

POLLY. Last night—in the garden. But how did you know, Bess?

BESS (*mysteriously*). I have missed my vocation. I should have been a detective—or a clairvoyant. The past explained and the future revealed (*leans toward POLLY and solemnly plucks a hair from her head*) from

a single hair of your head!

POLLY. Yes, but Bess——!

BESS (*with exaggerated air of mystery*). There are no secrets I cannot penetrate, no mysteries I cannot solve! In addition to keen perceptive faculties and unfailing deductive ability, I am the possessor of occult powers of a high order.

POLLY (*laughing*). No, but really, how did you know? We thought we had been so careful!

BESS (*with affected solemnity*). When a young person of your tastes, disposition, and general friskiness begins suddenly to talk down to her elders on the subjects of connubial confidence, the ideals of marriage, a life of unselfish surrender and kindred topics, it is safe to assume, without further evidence, that she is bending her neck to the yoke. (*Suddenly matter-of-fact.*) And when, in addition to that, a crabbed and middle-aged spinster happens to be sitting quietly in the dark end of the veranda when the contracting parties are approaching the critical moment, and sees—— (*pauses mischievously.*)

POLLY (*breathlessly*). Bess, you weren't! You didn't!

BESS. Well, at any rate, I didn't talk about it. I couldn't escape, but I shut my eyes and put my fingers in my ears.

POLLY. Did you, Bess? Did you, really?

BESS. Indeed, I did! I should hate to feel myself an accessory before the fact! So I stopped my ears, shut my eyes——and held my tongue.

POLLY (*embracing her*). Oh, you dear! (*As an afterthought.*) Oh, Bess! You were alone, weren't you? Mr. McAllister wasn't with you?

BESS (*turning away*). How absurd! *You* didn't hear any conversation, did you?

POLLY. Oh, of course, if he'd been there, you would have been talking! Besides, you're not the sort of girl to sit in dark corners with men, anyway.

CECILY (*laughing*). No, for when she does, they

always propose to her. She's grown wary.

BESS (*annoyed*). Don't be silly, Cecily!

Enter OWEN.

CECILY. Owen, what do you think? Polly and Ken are engaged!

OWEN (*joyfully*). Engaged! Are they? (*Looks blank*). The dickens they are!

POLLY. Why? What's the matter?

OWEN (*dissembling*). Matter? Nothing's the matter. Why?

CECILY. What made your look so funny?

OWEN. Did I look funny? I suppose a fellow may be allowed a moment of surprise?

CECILY (*incredulously*). Surprise! At this?

OWEN. Precisely. However we may have anticipated the moment, the announcement was rather—unexpected.

POLLY. Well?

BESS (*dryly*). You seem to have missed your cue, Owen. You are expected to effervesce.

OWEN (*cordially to Polly*). Oh! I'm delighted, of course! Delighted!

POLLY (*pouting*). You don't look it!

OWEN (*taking her hands affectionately*). But I am! You know this has been my dearest wish for both of you. When did it come off?

POLLY (*shyly*). Last night.

OWEN (*startled suddenly releases her hands*). Last night? Only last night?

POLLY (*whimsically*). Now what's the matter?

OWEN (*quickly*). Oh, nothing! But if I were Ken and had become engaged to you last night——

POLLY. Well?

OWEN. I wouldn't do what Ken's doing to-day.

CECILY. But you sent him to Centerville yourself.

OWEN. I know I did. I'm sorry. Come along out in the garden with me, Cecily, and let me tell you how sorry I am. But he didn't tell me, the chump!

(OWEN and CECILY go out.)

POLLY (*looking after them*). Now, what has happened to him? Last week he told me that if I refused Ken, he'd never forgive me—and now look at him! What is the matter with him?

BESS (*lightly*). Haven't you learned yet that when you give a man what he wants, he doesn't want it at all, and has his heart set on something quite different?

POLLY (*laughing*). You miserable old cynic! Here comes Mr. McAllister. *I'm* going to write letters.

BESS (*hurriedly*). Oh, no, Polly, don't! Stay here with me!

POLLY. Not I! I believe that man's in love with you, and I'm no fifth wheel! (*She runs into library, laughing.*)

(Enter GORDON from veranda.)

GORDON (*looking after POLLY*). Have our young friends confessed? Or are they still lingering over the taste of stolen waters?

BESS (*prosaically*). They've announced their engagement, if that's what you mean. (*Goes down L. and sits.*)

GORDON (*sighing with exaggerated relief*). A-ah! I'm glad to hear it! I felt like an accomplice.

BESS (*indignantly*). You didn't listen!

GORDON (*down R.*). After you had commanded me to stop my ears? Certainly not!

BESS (*cynically*). If one were uncharitable, one might infer that it's just as well that I was there to insist upon the observance of the—decencies.

GORDON (*reflectively*). Well, it's always interesting to know how another man does that sort of thing.

BESS. Indeed? Have you had a wide experience as critic as well as in the leading role?

GORDON (*whimsically*). On the contrary! There lies my complaint. Why should a woman, who never needs to take the initiative in matters of that sort, have the

sole opportunity of hearing a variety of proposals of marriage? She simply gains a lot of knowledge and experience that she can never use, while a man, awkward at best, never hears any proposals but those he makes himself. He, therefore, is forced to depend upon his own main strength and stupidity, at a moment when he needs all the wisdom of the sages, the perception of the seers, and the charm of the sirens to aid him!

BESS. Which explains in part, I suppose, the fact that some men are widely known as having proposed to every woman who would listen to them? "Practice makes perfect"—is that it?

GORDON (*joining her*). Miss Maynard, would you—I mean, do you—that is, is a woman going to be hard on a fellow just because he's amused a few girls and done his best to live up to their expectations?

BESS. Mr. McAllister!

GORDON (*puts chair near her and sits*). Yes, I know, but now I'm in dead earnest! You know there are girls who—well, who like to amuse themselves and be amused. You're not one of them—you never were one of that sort (BESS *conceals a smile*), but—is it going against a man that he's done his best to furnish amusement for them?

BESS (*with mock gravity*). Is the subject one that impresses you as suitable material for—amusement?

GORDON. No—no, of course, not to a woman of your sort: But you see, Miss Maynard, there are so blessed few women like you! I never knew another! I—I wish you'd answer me? Would you be hard on a fellow under those circumstances?

BESS (*rising*). I hope I should never be hard, as you call it, on any one, Mr. McAllister, but I should hesitate a long time before I considered seriously anything that might be said to me by a man who had formed the proposal *habit*. There's Polly on the veranda. Shall we join her? (*She goes quickly off*. GORDON *looks after her, groans, despondently shakes his head, and follows slowly*.)

CECILY and OWEN enter from the library, both looking troubled. She carries the card envelope. They come down C.)

CECILY. And he made no explanation at all?

OWEN. None whatever. It doesn't seem to me there's much to be said, is there? The fact remains that he made a blooming young idiot of himself over Marie Doulton for two solid years and beggared himself sending her flowers and fruit and candy—the only reason it wasn't jewels was that she wouldn't accept them—and now that she's come back, within twenty-four hours of her arrival he begins it again, although he's just become engaged to one of the most charming girls on earth. There isn't much to be said in explanation of that, is there? It isn't as if he could afford to throw roses around.

CECILY (*miserably*). No, I suppose not. But, oh, poor little Polly! You'll send them, Owen?

OWEN (*grimly*). Oh, yes, I'll send them!

CECILY. I wonder—Did he write on the card?

OWEN. I don't know.

CECILY. I suppose it wouldn't do to look?

OWEN. Cecily!

CECILY (*hurriedly*). Oh, no, I wouldn't *do* it, dear! Only (*tearfully*) I'm thinking about Polly! Poor, poor little Polly! And she's going home to make her trousseau!

OWEN. Well, don't say anything about this to any one for the present, Cecily. We'll give Ken a chance to say whatever he has to say before we mention it. Young rascal!! I'd like to thump him! (*Looks at his watch.*) Good-bye.

CECILY (*going to the hall with him*). Good-bye, dear. (*She disappears in the hall for a moment, and re-enters at once, coming down.*)

GORDON enters from the veranda and strolls restlessly about, occasionally turning toward her as he makes a point.

GORDON (*dejectedly*). Hello, Cecily. Say, Cecily,

you've always been a good friend of mine. Why didn't you tell me years ago that I was making a donkey of myself, and shut me off?

CECILY (*puzzled*). Eh?

GORDON (*playing with a book*). Why did you let me go on making love to every pretty little idiot I met? Didn't I deserve better at your hands than that? (*Throws book on table*.) What did I ever do to you?

CECILY (*demurely*). Well, you proposed to me three times. (*Sits down R.*)

GORDON. I know; just so you'd know when not to believe a fellow. You knew I didn't mean it, and I knew you knew it; and maybe I saved you a heartache some time. Maybe you'd have believed some other fool if I hadn't trained you, instead of keeping your heart all sweet and sound for Owen.

CECILY (*laughing a little*). Well, then, maybe that's the reason I didn't "shut you off," as you say. Perhaps you've been a public benefactor all these years, Gordon.

GORDON. Hang the public! What do I care about the public? When I finally meet a woman whom—whom I do—well, whom I do love! There!—and want to marry her, she's heard all these stories of my idiotic past, and imagines my heart's a worm-eaten old nut, not even worth the cracking!

CECILY. Merciful powers! Is it Bess?

GORDON (*savagely*). Is it Bess? Of course it's Bess! (*CECILY laughs*.) Who else could it be? And I don't see anything to laugh at, either! I tell you, Cecily, I'm in dead earnest about this!

CECILY (*laughing*). Oh, Gordon, to think of it! After all these years!

GORDON. I suppose you thought I was going on making a buffoon of myself for ever, did you? I suppose you thought I hadn't any heart, did you? I suppose you thought—oh, thunder! What do I care what you thought! I want to know what I'm going to do!

CECILY (*wiping tears of laughter from her eyes*). Have you proposed to her?

GORDON (*sulkily*). No.

CECILY (*wonderingly*). Well, why don't you?

GORDON. Don't know how. Don't know what to say. (CECILY (*shrieks with laughter*.) Well, I don't!

CECILY. And you have been celebrated, ever since I can remember, as making the most artistic proposals of any man in the whole country-side!

GORDON (*joins her*). I know that. But I want to make one now that somebody'll believe. You never believed 'em. Nobody ever believed 'em. Besides, I don't want to make an "artistic proposal"! She'd laugh at me and tell me I had acquired the "proposal habit"!

CECILY. Well, so you have.

GORDON. I deny it! If I had, I'd know what to say to her. (*Sits near her confidentially*). Say, Cecily, what did Owen say to you?

CECILY (*trying somewhat unsuccessfully to subdue her laughter*). He said—let me see! Why, I don't remember. I don't think he said much of anything. I guess it was more what he did.

GORDON. Well, what did he do?

CECILY. Gordon!

GORDON. I know; but I've helped you out of many a tight place, Cecily—and you were never as badly caught as I am. If you love me, if you love—her, if you love Owen, or—or *anybody*, give me a lift!

CECILY (*rising, trying to speak gravely*). Well, I will, Gordon. Truly, I will; but not now. I've got something else to do now. But I'll think about it.

GORDON (*who had risen when she did*). Well, hurry up! And say, CECILY—don't tell Owen! (CECILY *laughs again*.) I know (*ruefully*); I suppose it is funny. But wait a bit, won't you?

CECILY. Yes, I promise. I won't tell. Oh (*suddenly grave*), here come Polly and Bess now.

(Enter BESS, from hall, in street dress, followed by POLLY.)

BESS. I'm off for town, CECILY. Can I do anything for you?

CECILY. I didn't know you were going.

BESS. I'm going to see Marie Doulton.

CECILY (*coldly*). Oh!

POLLY. Tell her we're all coming to see her play to-morrow night.

BESS. Yes, I will. Good-bye. (*Exit BESS. GORDON looks after her for a moment, and then, with dogged deliberation, follows her.*)

POLLY. Oh, I can hardly wait to see her! You never saw her, did you?

CECILY. No, and I don't want to.

POLLY. Why not?

CECILY (*turning away*). Oh—because.

POLLY (*lightly*). Woman's reason. Because what?

CECILY (*up L.*). I don't like her.

POLLY (*down R., laughing*). Cecily, I believe you are jealous!

CECILY. Jealous! Of what?

POLLY. Because Owen was in love with her once.

CECILY. Owen in love with her!

POLLY. Why, yes! Mercy! Didn't you know it? Bess told me.

CECILY (*coming swiftly down to POLLY*). Bess told you that Owen was in love with Marie Doulton?

POLLY. Oh, I'm sorry I told, if you didn't know it. Cecily! I thought Owen told you everything.

CECILY. He does. What did she say?

POLLY. Oh, don't let's talk about it!

CECILY. *What did she say?*

POLLY (*miserably*). She said that for some time—ever so long ago, you know—Owen was simply infatuated with Marie Doulton, and that he sent her flowers and fruit and candy—

CECILY (*relieved*). Oh, no, that was Ken!

POLLY. *Ken!*

CECILY. Oh, good heavens! I didn't mean to tell you just yet, dear, but you'd have to know it within a few hours anyway, so it doesn't make very much difference.

POLLY. Have to know what?

CECILY. About Ken.

POLLY. What about Ken?

CECILY (*kindly*). Why, you see, Ken was very much in love with Marie Doulton a few years ago, and nearly beggared himself sending her things——

POLLY. No, that was Owen!

CECILY. Wait, dear! But everybody thought that was all over. I don't think he has seen her since she went on the stage—(*doubtfully*) I don't *think* he has—and he was quite a boy when all this happened. So when he fell in love with you, we were all perfectly delighted. Oh, if I could only have known!

POLLY. Known what? Cecily, what *are* you talking about?

CECILY. This morning just before we told Owen of your engagement, he found out that Ken was sending flowers to Marie Doulton.

POLLY. Flowers? Well, what of it? Everybody sends flowers to people.

CECILY. Oh, poor Polly! I'm so sorry! I—I wish it weren't true, but it is, and you must try to be brave about it, dear! He sent her five dozen American Beauties.

POLLY. Five dozen! I don't believe it!

CECILY. Yes, dear, it's true. He told Owen to order them for him at Bauer's.

POLLY. And was that the reason——

CECILY. That Owen seemed worried? Yes, that's the reason.

POLLY. Oh, there's some mistake! It couldn't be Ken! Why, Bess said it was Owen who was so much in love with her! She said he told her all about it, because she was such a friend of Miss Doulton's.

CECILY. Owen told Bess?

POLLY. Yes. Oh, you won't mind, Cecily! You mustn't mind, because he loves you now! But it must have been Owen!

CECILY. Well, it isn't Owen who's sending her five dozen roses to-day, anyway. It's Ken, for I saw the envelope that was to go with them, addressed in his writing. But—Polly, do you suppose Owen *was* in love with her?

POLLY (*in breaking tones*). Oh, Cecily! Oh, Cecily, I want to go home! I want to go home! (*She drops into a chair, sobbing piteously.* CECILY, *with quivering lips, watches her for a moment, and then, kneeling beside her, gathers POLLY into her arms, and they weep together.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II

EVENING

The scene is the same.

Enter CECILY from the library, dressed for dinner. She takes up OWEN'S photograph, studies it, wipes away a tear and sighs. POLLY, also dressed for dinner, comes in from the hall and looks over CECILY'S shoulder.

CECILY (*mournfully*). He doesn't look as if he'd deceive his wife, does he?

POLLY. No, but one can't tell. I—I'd have trusted Ken anywhere! In the face of anything! (*Sobs.*)

CECILY (*tremulously*). Now, Polly, don't give way again. You must be brave, you know, and whatever you do, don't let him see that it hurts! It—it's easier for you than for me, you see, for you—you haven't

been married (*swallowing a sob*); and—and *I'm* not giving way! (*Puts photograph on table again.*)

POLLY. No, but Owen hasn't been sending her flowers! I don't see why you care so much. I wouldn't care how many girls Ken had been in love with, if I were sure that he loved me better than any of them now. But to have him sending her flowers—*such* flowers, too—the very day after he told me—that that—— (*Sobs.*)

CECILY. But Owen has told me ever so many times that I was the only woman he ever really loved! Of course, I knew he had had his little flirtations like other fellows, but I never supposed they were—like that!

POLLY. Now, Cecily, don't give up! Don't! After all the trouble we took to cover up the traces, we mustn't cry any more! We might just as well laugh! It won't do any good to cry. Let's laugh! (*She laughs sobbingly, and wipes her eyes.*) Has Bess come home yet?

CECILY. Yes; I think she's asleep, though. I rapped on her door, and she didn't answer. I wish she'd come down.

POLLY. But you won't try to talk about this now, will you? You mustn't, for you'd cry, and you know we agreed that we'd go through dinner just as usual.

CECILY. Oh, yes, just as usual! We'll show them that other people can feel one thing and act another.

(*Enter Bess, in dinner dress, looking troubled. She comes down C.*)

CECILY. Oh, Bess, I'm so glad you've come!

BESS (*taking CECILY'S hand sympathetically*). You dear girl! You look tired, Cecily.

CECILY (*turning away to hide tears*). Oh, I've such a headache!

POLLY (*also turning away*). So've I!

BESS (*sighing*). So've I! (*Sits down L.*)

CECILY. Did you have a pleasant day?

BESS. No; horrid!

CECILY (*down R.*) So did I!

POLLY (*up c*). So did I!

CECILY (*looking away from BESS*). Did you see—Miss Doulton?

BESS. Yes I don't think the stage has improved her any.

CECILY (*turning swiftly toward her*). Don't you? Why?

BESS. No, I don't! She's grown so—careless! There was a time when she wouldn't accept even flowers—awfully expensive ones, you know—from—well, from men who had no business to send them!

POLLY (*stifling a sob*). From engaged men.

BESS (*glancing hastily at CECILY*). Yes, or—from married men.

CECILY (*impulsively*). Bess, is it true that Owen was in love with her?

BESS (*reproachfully*). Polly!

POLLY (*hurriedly*). I thought she knew about it, Bess, or I wouldn't have told her.

CECILY. Is it true?

BESS (*reluctantly*). Well—he *was* rather attentive to her for a time. (*Rises uneasily.*)

CECILY (*joining BESS down l.*). And is it true that he sent her things all the time—flowers and candy and all that—and—and just *dangled* after her?

BESS (*impulsively*). Yes, he did! It is true!

POLLY (*eagerly as she comes down*). Then it was Owen after all, and not Ken?

BESS. No, it was—both of them.

CECILY. Both of them!

POLLY. Both of them!

BESS. Yes, both of them. For a long time they were rivals, and—why, don't you remember, Cecily, that for several months Owen and Ken were hardly on speaking terms? It was only after Owen became engaged to you that Ken really forgave him.

CECILY. And was that the reason?

BESS. That was the reason. They were both in love with her.

CECILY. And he never told me! He said I was the only woman he had ever loved!

BESS (*bitterly, crossing to R.*) Well, that should have been enough! Any man who will say that to a woman, expecting her to believe it, is a confirmed flirt!

POLLY (*dolefully*). Yes, that's true! Ken told me that he had *liked* lots of girls, but that he had never cared deeply for one before, and—he was in love with her, too! And I'd have trusted Ken anywhere!

BESS. Oh, but Ken was only a boy! His devotion to her was rather funny—and really very pretty, too. It was intense while it lasted, but she's several years his senior, you know, so it wasn't very serious.

POLLY. Oh, but it was! And it is yet! He—he——
(*She bursts into tears and goes up stage.*)

BESS. Why, Polly!

CECILY. You see, POLLY has just learned that Ken sent Marie Doulton a magnificent bunch of roses this morning. (*She joins Polly, trying to comfort her.*)

BESS. What? Ken!

POLLY (*hysterically*). Yes, Ken.

CECILY. He asked Owen to order them for him, because he had to go to Centerville.

BESS. Roses! You're sure it wasn't orchids?

CECILY. No, it was roses. Five dozen of the most expensive, he said.

BESS (*dropping into a chair*). For heaven's sake!

CECILY. And Owen told me about it. He was very angry.

BESS (*drily*). Oh, was he.

CECILY. Why, of course he was! Owen hates anything like that, you know.

BESS (*same tone*). Yes, I know.

CECILY. And I didn't mean to tell Polly, but it slipped out, and—she had to know it sooner or later, so it doesn't make much difference.

POLLY. And Cecily and I have been crying all day——

CECILY. Until we looked perfect frights——

POLLY. And then we bathed our eyes and dressed——

CECILY. Because we don't want them to suspect that we know until after dinner.

POLLY. We want to show them that we can be calm and dignified, even in the face of insult.

CECILY. So we're going through the dinner just as if nothing had happened——

POLLY (*tremulously*). We're going to be just as self-possessed as possible——

CECILY (*with a responsive tremor*). Y-y-yes, we're not going to sh-sh-shed a tear——(*She fumbles for her handkerchief.*)

POLLY. Nor show any emotion——

CECILY. Nor—nor anything! Where is my handkerchief? (*Exit hurriedly, sobbing.*)

POLLY (*dolefully, coming down c.*) Oh! Bess, isn't it awful!

BESS. It is that!

POLLY. Would you have believed it of Ken?

BESS. Ken? Oh, he's not so bad. It's Owen!

POLLY. Owen!

BESS. Yes, Owen. (*Joins POLLY, speaking hurriedly in confidential tone*). Look here, Polly, I didn't mean to say anything about it, but—I don't know what to do. I saw Owen buying orchids for Miss Doulton.

POLLY. Orchids!

BESS. A great big box of them. A pretty price they must have cost him!

POLLY. Maybe they were for Cecily.

BESS. (*scornfully*). For Cecily! Did you ever know a man to buy a box—so big (*illustrating*)—of orchids for his *wife*? Besides, I saw them in her room afterward.

POLLY. Did you see the roses, too? Ken never sent *me* five dozen American Beauties.

BESS. I don't know. Oh, yes, I suppose so! There were huge bunches of roses everywhere, but nothing compared with those orchids.

POLLY (*in tears*). Oh, Bess! Oh, poor Cecily! Aren't men horrid! What shall we do?

BESS (*looking toward door L.*). 'Sh, here she comes! Polly! 'Sh! We mustn't tell her!

POLLY. B-b-but I think she ought to know!

BESS (*doubtfully*). Do you?

POLLY. Yes, because if she finds out about it this time, it may prevent his doing it again.

BESS. Well—I must think. Do hush, Polly!

POLLY (*hysterically*). Oh, I ca-ca-a-a-an't!

BESS. Then run away!

(*Enter CECILY from the library, wearing a determined smile.*)

CECILY. Polly! You promised you wouldn't cry any more! Do go and bathe your eyes! (*Exit POLLY to hall, weeping bitterly. CECILY continues resolutely.*) Now, I'm going to be cheerful. Let me see! I had something on my mind to tell you. Oh, yes, it was Gordon!

BESS (*indifferently*). His weight can't have oppressed you much! (*Goes to table and selects a book.*)

CECILY. Now, Bess, don't be hard on Gordon! He's a dear!

BESS. To how many girls?

CECILY. Well, as he says himself, he's been sort of a public benefactor. He's prevented a lot of us from throwing ourselves away on other fellows.

BESS. Who wants to marry a safety-valve?

CECILY. But you see, the difference is just here. He never cared a thing in the world about one of us, and we all knew it; but he's desperately in love with you. You're the only woman he ever did love. He told me so himself.

BESS (*irritably tossing book aside*). Good heavens! It's bad enough to have a man say that to one in the privacy of a proposal, but when he goes about advertising it to one's friends——!

CECILY. But it's true! I've known Gordon for years, and you're the only girl he ever knew to whom he was

afraid to propose.

BESS (*coming down L.*). Is the man so sure I'd accept him?

CECILY. Oh, Bess, don't be horrid! Gordon would make such a good husband!

BESS. What am I that a miracle should be worked for me?

CECILY (*faintly smiling*). Do you think it would be so hard for him to be a good husband?

BESS. No harder than for any other man, I suppose.

CECILY (*persuasively, joining BESS*). Bess, sometimes I think you're getting bitter. You mustn't do that! There are some horrid men in the world, but there are some splendid ones, too! Now, there's Owen! Of course, he isn't perfect—if he were, I don't know what he'd do with me!—and I'm impatient with him sometimes, but—just the same, Owen is such a dear, faithful, considerate, unselfish fellow! I'd like to see you as happily married as I am!

BESS (*irrepressibly*). Heaven forfend!

CECILY. Why, Bess! You like Owen! You know he's splendid! Now, don't you? . . . Bess! You do, don't you? (*She touches Bess's shoulder persuasively.*)

BESS (*choking with tears*). Don't, Cecily! Let me go!

CECILY (*holding BESS's arm*). Bess! Bess! What do you mean? What is it? Tell me! (*BESS shakes her head and tries in vain to pull away.*) You shall tell me! What is it?

BESS. Nothing!

(*Enter POLLY from hall.*)

CECILY. It is! It's something about Owen! Isn't it? (*Shakes BESS a little.*) Isn't it? Do you know anything *more* about Owen that I don't know? Bess!

POLLY (*up c.*). Oh, tell her, Bess! She'll find out some day, anyway, and then we'll wish we had warned her now.

CECILY. Polly! You know?

BESS (*dully*). Yes, Polly knows. (*Crosses to R.*) I saw Owen buying an immense box of orchids at Bauer's——

CECILY. Roses, you mean.

BESS. No, I don't; I mean orchids. And later, I saw the same box brought to Marie Doulton.

CECILY. Oh—oh, there's some mistake! He bought them for Ken.

POLLY (*bursting into tears again*). Ken ordered roses! Oh, and I'd have trusted Ken through anything! (*Flings herself into chair, near table, up L.*)

BESS. When Marie opened them, I said: "What magnificent flowers!" and she laughed and replied: "Yes; poor boy! He still sends them." I said: I saw him buying them. Do you think you have any right to accept them—now?" and she laughed again, in a careless sort of way, and said: "Well, I've told him not to send them, but he will do it; and what woman could refuse flowers like that?"

CECILY (*breathlessly*). Bess!

BESS. And then I came away. I—I couldn't stay in the room with them!

CECILY (*piteously*). Oh, Bess!

BESS. And that's all. (*POLLY sobs and CECILY stares straight before her, as if stunned.*) And I thank heaven (*a little wildly*) that I'm not married to any man! (*Sobs chokingly and goes toward hall door.*)

POLLY. Bess! I believe you care for some one, too!

BESS (*hurriedly*). No, no, no! Not in the least! I assure you I do not! (*POLLY sobs disconsolately.*)

(*Enter GORDON, from the veranda. The girls all turn their faces away from him.*)

GORDON (*cheerfully in doorway*). Ah, I thought I heard voices! Why don't you come out on the veranda? It's fine! Well, I've got the seats for to-morrow night. We'll have a great time, eh? (*Looks from one to another.*) Why doesn't somebody say something? Overcome at the prospect of seeing the great beauty, Cecily?

CECILY. I—I shall not see her. I'm not going.
(*Exit hurriedly.*)

GORDON. Not going! Not going to see Marie Doulton? What's up? You wouldn't miss it, Miss Winslow?

POLLY. Nothing on earth would tempt me to go!
(*Exit hurriedly to library.*)

GORDON. Eh! Oh, I say! Why, see here, Miss Maynard, what does this mean? It's a joke, isn't it? They don't mean it seriously?

BESS (*coming down*). They mean it very seriously.

GORDON (*following her*). And you——?

BESS. I mean it also.

GORDON. By Jove! What's up?

BESS. We shall leave the contemplation of Miss Doulton's charms to the men of the household.

GORDON. Why, I thought she was a friend of yours!

BESS. She was—until to-day. (*Sits, wearily.*)

GORDON. Oh, I see! You—er—disagreed, and the girls are resenting it with you. Sort of a sympathetic strike. (*Pulls chair near her as if for a long chat.*)

BESS. On the contrary, I am only a sympathizer—but my sympathies are active!

GORDON. I'm glad to hear that, for I'm in need of them. I—I—oh, Bess, I can't lead up to it, but you must see how it is with me!

BESS. Oh, don't! (*Covers her face with her hands.*)

GORDON. I know. You think I'm a sublime fraud and not to be trusted——

BESS (*wearily, lifting her head*). Perhaps you're as much to be trusted as any man.

GORDON (*hopefully*). Bess!

BESS. But there's not a man on earth I'd trust to the extent of marrying him. Not one!

GORDON (*falling back disappointed*). Oh, Bess!

BESS (*a little wildly*). To you, we are all toys, kept for an otherwise idle hour. Your code is not our

code ; your ideals are not our ideals ; your honour—thank heaven!—is not our honour.

GORDON (*simply*). I don't think I understand.

BESS (*bitterly*). Perhaps your friends, Mr. Belknap and Mr. Moore, will explain.

GORDON (*rising and walking restlessly about*). I may have been unfortunate enough to have offended you (BESS *shakes her head*), or some other man, of whom I know nothing, may have destroyed your faith in him, but it is not just—nor is it like you—to condemn the innocent with the guilty. Some of us—most of us, perhaps—are not all that we might be, but Owen Belknap and Kenneth Moore are two as straight fellows as the Lord ever made !

BESS (*rising*). Which completes the circle and brings us back to the starting-point.

GORDON (*confronting her*). Do you mean to tell me that you would not trust Owen ?

BESS. I do.

GORDON. Nor Ken ?

BESS. I do.

GORDON. Of course, you think you have reason ?

BESS. I have reason.

GORDON (*shaking his head*). There's some mistake. Owen and Ken are absolutely to be trusted.

BESS (*impulsively*). Which is the reason that Kenneth, who was madly in love with Marie Doulton for two years, sent her a magnificent bunch of roses to-day, far more costly than his means justify, although his engagement to Polly Winslow was announced only this morning !

GORDON. What !

BESS. This is quite true. Cecily saw the envelope, holding Ken's card and addressed in his writing, which was to go with them, and Owen ordered the flowers at Ken's request.

GORDON. Owen ordered the flowers ! But don't you see, that in itself is Kenneth's vindication ! The fact that he told Owen proves——

BESS (*hopefully*). Oh, do you think so? (*Dejectedly*.) Owen doesn't take that view of it.

GORDON. Do you mean to say that Owen believes—? (BESS *nods*.) But surely he disapproved?

BESS (*sarcastically*). Oh, yes, he disapproved—violently! He said various condemnatory things to Cecily—and then went and ordered a box of orchids for Miss Doulton that completely overshadowed Ken's roses. I happened to see him selecting them.

GORDON. They couldn't have been for Miss Doulton. They must have been for Cecily.

BESS. Unfortunately, I was with Miss Doulton when they arrived.

GORDON. Then he substituted orchids for roses in filling Ken's order.

BESS. To what purpose? Ken said roses; and the shops are full of them. You may not know that Owen, also, was very much in love with Miss Doulton at one time. In fact, he and Kenneth had a very bitter quarrel about her.

GORDON (*shakes his head and begins to wander about again, stopping an instant wherever he makes a point*).

There's some absurd mistake in all this. Kenneth's a good deal of a kid—but he's not a *cad*; and as for Owen—oh, it's impossible! Did you see Owen's card with the orchids?

BESS. It wasn't necessary. I saw him select and pay for them; and Miss Doulton admitted that she had forbidden him to continue sending them, but said he *would* do it.

GORDON. I tell you, there's some mistake!

BESS. How about the roses that Ken asked Owen to order? I suppose that's a mistake, too?

GORDON (*still walking about*). I still think that the very fact that he confided in Owen proves the integrity of his motive.

BESS (*going toward library door*). He probably counted on the honour that prevails among thieves—(*bitterly*) and Owen failed him, even there!

GORDON. I'll never believe it until they tell me themselves . . . I suppose Cecily and Miss Winslow know all this?

BESS (*stops near door*). Yes.

GORDON (*gravely*). And is this the cause of your bitter denunciation of all men?

BESS. Isn't it enough? If Owen and Ken are not to be trusted——

GORDON (*again confronting her*). But they are to be trusted! Believe me, they are! (BESS *shakes her head, but less positively*). If I prove it—if I prove that this is all a mistake, will you grant, also, that perhaps I am more earnest than I have been painted, and give me a chance?

BESS (*faltering*). But I saw——

GORDON. Never mind what you saw! If I prove that Owen and Ken are trustworthy, will you trust me, too?

BESS. If you can prove that Ken did not order five dozen roses sent to Marie Doulton this morning, and if you can prove that Owen did not send the orchids that I saw him pay for, that I saw delivered, and that she admitted she ought not to accept—I'll——

GORDON. Yes?

BESS (*laughing nervously*). I'll believe anything else you choose to tell me! (*Exit to library.*)

GORDON (*comes down, hands in pockets and head bowed*). Whew! (*Sits down R. and shakes his head dubiously.*)

(*Enter KENNETH from the veranda. He moves toward library without noticing GORDON.*)

GORDON. Hullo, you young jackanapes! Where've you been all day?

KENNETH (*at c. disgustedly*). Centerville. Where are the girls?

GORDON. Well, you'd better have been at home, 'tending to your knitting work.

KENNETH. Couldn't help it. It was business.

(*Enter POLLY from the library. GORDON rises.*)

KENNETH. That idiot of an agent up there—oh, here's Polly! (*Goes eagerly toward her.*)

POLLY (*coldly, avoiding him*). Good evening. (*Crosses to door R. and stands looking out.*)

KENNETH. Eh? I say, what's up?

GORDON (*down R. watching keenly*). As I said, Kenneth, you dropped a stitch and your knitting work got tangled in your absence. Now, how about——

(*Enter CECILY from the hall.*)

KENNETH (*interrupting GORDON on "how," eagerly*). Hullo, Cecily! What's wrong? (*CECILY turns her back on him.*) Well, by Jove, I think you might tell a fellow!

GORDON. I'm trying, with what patience is in me, to explain——

(*Enter OWEN from the veranda. He carries a box of carnations.*)

KENNETH. I say, Owen! What's wrong?

OWEN (*going at once to CECILY*). Well, sweetheart? (*She slips past him, with a reproachful glance, and comes down L. OWEN follows.*) What's the matter, dear? Here; I brought you some carnations. (*Her glance becomes scornful and she steps back.*) Why, what's the matter?

KENNETH (*at C.*). Well, that's what I want to know! Here I come in, after a deuce of a day at Centerville, and they all treat me as if I were a convict! And you seem to be equally unpopular! Oh, here comes Bess!

(*Enter BESS from the hall.*)

KENNETH. Say, Bess, what's wrong?

BESS (*in doorway*). You'd better ask what's right? It would indicate a more hopeful condition of your moral sense!

OWEN. But see here——!

KENNETH. Well, I swear! Gordon, do you know anything about this?

GORDON. No; but I hope to untangle it. It's primarily about some orchids, I believe.

KENNETH (*puzzled*). Orchids!

GORDON. Now, this is Owen's knitting work, Ken. You keep out.

OWEN. Well, what about them?

GORDON. You sent some to Miss Doulton?

OWEN. No, *I* didn't send them. That is—— (*Hesitates.*)

BESS (*up c.*) Owen Belknap!

GORDON (*patiently*). Now, if you please, Miss Maynard, this is *my* demonstration. Yours will come later—I hope. (BESS *bites her lip.*) Now, Owen? You didn't send them?

OWEN. No, I—well (*glancing at POLLY*), I'd rather not explain here. What about them, anyway?

GORDON. Well, if you have any explanation to offer, you'd better get about it. Right here, too. A hypothetical cat seems to have escaped from an equally hypothetical bag, but there's no secret about it. I'm right, ladies? There's no secrecy? Now, Owen.

OWEN (*troubled*). But—you see—— (*He hesitates and looks at KENNETH.*)

KENNETH. Out with it, Owen! If you hold the key to this mystery, for heaven's sake, produce it!

OWEN. Well, it's simply this. I ordered those orchids at Ken's request, but why you should stand *me* up and——

CECILY. Oh, *Owen*!

KENNETH, I didn't say orchids! I said roses! (POLLY *bursts into tears, and 'turns to BESS, who comes down to her.*)

OWEN. I know you did. You said you wanted five dozen, of the choicest variety. You also informed me (*sarcastically*) that expense was no object, and as Bauer had not five dozen fine roses of one kind in his shop, and as he had some particularly good orchids, I thought I'd satisfy your desire for a large bill, so I ordered the orchids sent with your card. But I must say, Kenneth (*severely*)——

KENNETH (*aghast*). With *my* card!

CECILY (*patting OWEN'S arm*). Oh, I knew all the time there must be some such explanation! I didn't really believe it for a moment! Bess, you might have known!

POLLY (*sobbing*). And I'd have trusted Ken through *anything*!

KENNETH. Now, look here! You people don't think, for one minute——

CECILY. Oh, we all *know* what *you* did!

BESS. Polly, dear, don't! (*She tries to soothe sobbing POLLY.*)

KENNETH (*hotly*). I suppose you all think that because I ordered some roses sent to Marie Doulton, I'm a double-faced scoundrel, don't you?

CECILY. *Some* roses!

KENNETH. I suppose you've all been retailing the story of my youthful infatuation and sitting in judgment upon me, haven't you? You've even been torturing Polly about it—and (*sorrowfully*) she believed you!

CECILY. Well, but you told Owen——

KENNETH. Of course I told Owen! I'll tell all of you if you'll keep still long enough to hear it! I got a letter from Fred Grover this morning—he's down at his mother's, sick——

(POLLY *looks up, her face lighting.*)

CECILY. Oh, well, never mind——

GORDON. The defendant has the stand!

KENNETH. He said Marie has refused him again——

CECILY. Well, is that any reason why *you* should send her five dozen roses? Just after——

POLLY. Oh, Cecily, *do* keep still! Don't you see? They were for him!

KENNETH. That's it! They were for Fred!

POLLY. Oh, Ken!

CECILY. But the card!

KENNETH. Was his, I suppose. *I* didn't look at it? All I did was to put her address on the envelope.

POLLY. Oh, Ken! (*She runs off to the veranda, pursued by KENNETH.*)

CECILY. Then all this has been— Oh, Owen! (*She looks penitently at him and extends an entreating hand, which he takes tenderly. They disappear in the library.*)

GORDON. Miss Maynard, I submit that I have proved my case.

BESS (*going to L. C.*). Wasn't it rather—vicarious?

GORDON. Nevertheless, it is proved. *Now* will you believe——

BESS (*behind a chair, breathlessly, making one last stand for her convictions*). All but one thing. Don't ever attempt to convince me that—that——

GORDON (*eagerly impatient*). Well?

BESS. That I'm the *only* woman you ever loved!

GORDON (*with triumphant conviction*). But you are!

(*He steps toward her with outstretched arms.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

JUST PUBLISHED

What Happened to Jones

An Original Farce in Three Acts

By GEORGE H. BROADHURST

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JONES, *who travels for a hymn-book house*

EBENEZER GOODLY, *a professor of anatomy*

ANTONY GOODLY, D.D., *Bishop of Ballarat*

RICHARD HEATHERLY, *engaged to Marjorie*

THOMAS HOLDER, *a policeman*

WILLIAM BIGBEE, *an inmate of the Sanitarium*

HENRY FULLER, *superintendent of the Sanitarium*

MRS. GOODLY, *Ebenezer's wife*

CISSY, *Ebenezer's ward*

MARJORIE, }
MINERVA, } *Ebenezer's daughters*

ALVINA STARLIGHT, *Mr. Goodly's sister*

HELMA, *a servant*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT 1.—Handsomely furnished room in home of Ebenezer Goodly.

ACT 2.—The same.

ACT 3.—The same.

This is the jolliest sort of a farce, clean and sparkling all the way through. A professor of anatomy is lured to a prize fight and the police make a raid on the "mill." The professor escapes to his home, followed by Jones, a traveling salesman, who sells hymn books when he can and playing cards when he cannot. The police are on the trail, so Jones disguises himself by putting on a Bishop's garb, and a lot of funny complications ensue. The other funmakers are aided not a little by an escaped lunatic. This celebrated farce has been a tremendous success for years on the professional stage and is now published for the first time.

PRICE, 50 CENTS

JUST PUBLISHED

AT YALE

A Comedy Drama of College Life in Three Acts

By OWEN DAVIS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DICK SHEELEY.....	Yale '05.
MR. CLAYTON RANDAL.....	Of New York.
JACK RANDAL.....	His son, Yale '05.
DAVE BURLY.....	Substitute on Yale Crew.
JIM TUCKER.....	Captain of Yale Crew.
JIMSEY.....	A Telegraph Messenger Boy.
CLANCY.....	A Prize-fighter.
JOHN KENNEDY.....	Coach Yale Crew.
FRANK YOUNG.....	Member of Yale Crew.
ED. SCOTT.....	Friend of Dick and Member of Yale Crew.
TOM HAYNES.....	Member of Yale Crew.
ROBERT CROSBY.....	Member of Yale Crew.
JEPSON.....	Boatman.
POL.....	
HARRY WILSON.....	
WILL TAYLOR.....	
MRS. RANDAL.....	Jack's Mother.
DOROTHY RANDAL.....	Her daughter.
POLLY BURK.....	A friend of Dorothy.
MAME BRADY.....	A poor girl.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I.—Vanderbilt Hall, New Haven.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.—A Boat House, Gales Ferry.

SCENE 2.—The Start. Gales Ferry Quarters.

SCENE 3.—The Race. Thames River.

ACT III.—Exterior of Griswold Hotel, Eastern Point. New London. The night of the race.

A Comedy Drama of American College Life in Three Acts, by Owen Davis. This piece was played with tremendous success all over the United States by Paul Gilmore. Sixteen males, four females, four of the men being unimportant. This is a play with a distinct college setting, in which athletics are prominent; just the kind of play that is wanted by nearly every high school and college contemplating putting on a play as part of their commencement exercises. There are pretty college girls, freshmen, a telegraph messenger boy, coaches, typical college boys, members of the crew, substitutes, etc. Any number of males and females can be used in the ensembles. Plays a full evening.

PRICE, 25 CENTS

JUST PUBLISHED

The Great Successful College Play Entitled
CUPID AT VASSAR

A COMEDY DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By OWEN DAVIS

AUTHOR OF "AT YALE"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN WILLETT.....	A Young Architect.
AMOS NORTH.....	Of North & Son, Bankers.
SHINY.....	A Lazy Darkey.
HANK GUBBIN.....	The Hired Man.
MRS. NEWTON.....	Of Great Falls, Vermont.
KATE.....	Her Daughter.
WANDA.....	Kate's Half-sister.
MISS PAGE.....	
SALLY WEBB.....	
MATTY HART.....	
ALICE WORTH.....	
PATTY SNOW.....	
HELEN CONWAY.....	

As many more college girls as are desired.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

SCENE, sitting-room of Kate's home in Vermont. (At the Old Home.)

ACT II

SCENE, Kate's room, in a senior double. (At Vassar.)

ACT III

SCENE, same set as ACT I. with snow and winter backing and Christmas tree, etc. (Vacation Time.)

ACT IV

SCENE, college campus at Vassar. (Graduation Day. The Daisy Chain.)

This comedy is eminently suited to girls' schools and colleges, as it can be played by all females. There are only four male characters, two of which are eccentric parts, and all the male parts can be easily dressed by girls. The play has all college surroundings, and the last act contains the famous daisy chain which is so popular at girls' colleges.

PRICE, 25 CENTS

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5

(French's Standard Drama Continued from 2d page of Cover.)

VOL. XLII.	VOL. XLIV.	VOL. XLVII.	VOL. L.
321 The Pirate's Legacy	245 Drunkard's Doom	269 Saratoga	393 Fine Feathers
322 The Charcoal Burner	346 Chinney Corner	370 Never Too Late to Mend	394 Prompter's Box
323 Adelgitha	347 Fifteen Years of a Drunk-	371 Lily of France	395 Iron Master
324 Senor Vallente	348 No Thoroughfare [ard's	372 Led Astray	396 Engaged
325 Forest Rose	349 Peep O' Day [Life	373 Henry V	397 Pygmalion & Galatea
326 Duke's Daughter	350 Everybody's Friend	374 Unequal Match	398 Leah
327 Camilla's Husband	351 Gen. Grant	375 May or Dolly's Delusion	399 Scrap of Paper
328 Pure Gold	352 Kathleen Mavourneen	376 Allatona	400 Lost in London
VOL. XLIII.	VOL. XLV.	VOL. XLVIII.	VOL. LI.
329 Ticket of Leave Man	353 Nick Whiffles	377 Enoch Arden	401 Octoroon
330 Fool's Revenge	354 Fruits of the Wine Cup	378 Under the Gas Light	402 Confederate Spy
331 O'Neil the Great	355 Drunkard's Warning	379 Daniel Rochat	403 Mariner's Return
332 Handy Andy	356 Temperance Doctor	380 Caste	404 Ruined by Drink
333 Pirate of the Isles	357 Aunt Dinah	381 School	405 Dreams
334 Fanchon	358 Widow Freshheart	382 Home	406 M. P.
335 Little Barefoot	359 Frou Frou	383 David Garrick	407 War
336 Wild Irish Girl	360 Long Strike	384 Ours	408 Birth
VOL. XLIII.	VOL. XLVI.	VOL. XLIX.	VOL. LII.
337 Pearl of Savoy	361 Larvers	385 Social Glass	409 Nightingale
338 Dead Heart	362 Lu-ille	386 Daniel Druce	410 Progress
339 Ten Nights in a Bar-room	363 Randall's Thumb	387 Two Roses	411 Play
340 Dumb Boy of Manchester	364 Wicked World	388 Adrienne	412 Midnight Charge
341 Belphegor the Mountebank	365 Two Orphans	389 The Belle	413 Confidential Clerk
342 Cricketer on the Hearth	366 Colleen Bawn	390 Uncle	414 Snowball
343 Printer's Devil	367 Twixt Axe and Crown	391 Courtship	415 Our Regiment
344 Meg's Diversion	368 Lady Clancathy	392 Not Such a Fool	416 Married for Money
			Hamlet in Three Acts
			Guttle & Gulpit

FRENCH'S INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHTED EDITION OF THE WORKS OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

The following very successful plays have just been issued at 25 cents per copy.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES. Comedy in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 8 male, 3 female characters.

A FOOL'S PARADISE. An original play in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 4 female characters.

THE SILVER SHIELD. An original comedy in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 3 female characters.

THE GLASS OF FASHION. An original comedy in 4 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 5 female characters.

THE BALLOON. Farcical comedy in 3 Acts by J. H. DARNLEY and MANVILLE FENN. 6 male, 4 female characters.

MISS CLEOPATRA. Farce in 3 Acts by ARTHUR SHIRLEY. 7 male, 3 female characters.

SIX PERSONS. Comedy Act by I. ZANWILL. 1 male, 1 female character.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE. Comediette in 1 Act by PERCY FENDALL. 1 male, 1 female character.

HIGHLAND LEGACY. Comedy in 1 Act by BRANDON THOMAS, author of "Charley's Aunt." 5 male, 2 female characters.

Contents of Catalogue which is sent Free.

Amateur Drama
Amateur Operas
Articles Needed by Amateurs
Art of Scene Painting
Baker's Reading Club
Beards, Whiskers, Mustaches, etc.
Bound Sets of Plays
Bulwer Lytton's Plays
Burlesque Dramas
Burnt Cork
Cabanman's Story
Carnival of Authors
Charade Plays
Children's Plays
Comic Dramas for Male Characters only
Costume Books
Crape Hair
Cumberland Edition
Darkey Dramas
Dramas for Boys
Drawing-room Monologues
Elocution, Reciters and Speakers
Ethiopian Dramas

Evening's Entertainment
Fairy and Home Plays
French's Costumes
French's Editions
French's Italian Operas
French's Parlor Comedies
French's Standard and Minor Drama
French's Standard and Minor Drama, bound
French's Scenes for Amateurs
Frobisher's Popular Recitals
Grand Army Dramas
Guide Books for Amateurs
Guide to Selecting Plays
Hints on Costumes
Home Plays for Ladies
Irish Plays
Irving's Plays
Juvenile Plays
Make-Up Book
Make-Up Box
Mock Trial
Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works
New Plays

New Recitation Books
Nigger Jokes and Stump Speeches
Parlor Magic
Parlor Pantomimes
Pieces of Pleasantry
Poems for Recitations
Plays for M.L.C. Characters only
Round Games
Scenery
Scriptural and Historical Dramas
Sensation Dramas
Serio-Comic Dramas
Shadow Pantomimes
Shakespeare's Plays for Amateurs
Shakespeare's Plays
Stanley's Dwarfs
Spirit Gum
Tabliaux Vivants
Talm Actor's Art
Temperance Plays
Vocal Music of Shakespeare's Plays
Webster's Acting Edition
Wigs, etc.

(French's Minor Drama Continued from 4th page of Cover.)

VOL. XLI.	VOL. XLII.	VOL. XLIII.	VOL. XLIV.
321 Adventures of a Love	329 As Like as Two Peas	337 Sunset	345 Who's To Win Him
322 Lost Child [Letter	330 Presumptive Evidence	338 For Half a Million	346 Which is Which
323 Court Cards	331 Happy Band	339 C. ble Car	347 Cup of Tea
324 Cox and Box	332 Pinafore	340 Early Bird	348 Sarah's Young Man
325 Forty Winks	333 Mock Trial	341 Alumni Play	349 Hearts
326 Wonderful Woman	334 My Uncle's Will	342 Show of Hands	350 In Honor Bound [Law
327 Curious Case	335 Happy Pair	343 Barbara	351 Freezing a Mother-in-
328 Tweedleton's Tall Coat	336 My Turn Next	344 Who's Who	352 My Lord in Livery

AMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

Price 15 Cents each.—Bound Volumes \$1.25.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 602 485 0

XL
aber
hta
sing
kina

VOL. I.

- 1 The Irish Attorney
- 2 Boots at the Swan
- 3 How to Pay the Rent
- 4 The Loan of a Lover
- 5 The Dead Shot
- 6 His Last Legs
- 7 The Invisible Prince
- 8 The Golden Farmer

VOL. II.

- 9 Pride of the Market
- 10 Used Up
- 11 The Irish Tutor
- 12 The Barrack Room
- 13 Luke the La-orer
- 14 Beauty and the Beast
- 15 St. Patrick's Eve
- 16 Captain of the Watch

VOL. III.

- 17 The Secret [pers]
- 18 White Horse of the Peps
- 19 The Jacobite
- 20 The Bottle
- 21 Box and Cox
- 22 Bamboozling
- 23 Widow's Victim
- 24 Robert Macaire

VOL. IV.

- 25 Secret Service
- 26 Omnibus
- 27 Irish Lion
- 28 Maid of Croissy
- 29 The Old Guard
- 30 Raining the Wind
- 31 Blasher and Crusher
- 32 Naval Engagements

VOL. V.

- 33 Cockles in California
- 34 Who Speaks First
- 35 Bombastes Furioso
- 36 Macbeth Travestie
- 37 Irish Ambassador
- 38 Delicate Ground
- 39 The Weathercock [Gold]
- 40 All that Glitters is Not

VOL. VI.

- 41 Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw
- 42 Rough Diamond
- 43 Bloomer Costume
- 44 Two Bonny-castles
- 45 Born to Good Luck
- 46 Kiss in the Dark [juror]
- 47 'Twould Puzzle a Con-
- 48 Kill or Cure

VOL. VII.

- 49 Box and Cox Married and
- 50 St. Cupid [Settled]
- 51 Go-to-bed Tom
- 52 The Lawyers
- 53 Jack Sheppard
- 54 The Thoddies
- 55 The Mobcap
- 56 Ladies Beware

VOL. VIII.

- 57 Morning Call
- 58 Popping the Question
- 59 Deaf as a Post
- 60 N.e.r. Footman
- 61 Pleasant Neighbor
- 62 Paddy the Piper
- 63 Brian O'Linn
- 64 Irish Assurance

VOL. IX.

- 65 Temptation
- 66 Paddy Carey
- 67 Two Gregories
- 68 King Charming
- 69 P-u-ca-hon-tas
- 70 Clockmaker's Hat
- 71 Married Rake
- 72 Love and Murder

VOL. X.

- 73 Ireland and America
- 74 Pretty Piece of Business
- 75 Irish Broom-maker
- 76 To Paris and Back for Five Pounds
- 77 That Blessed Baby
- 78 Our Gal
- 79 Swiss Cottage
- 80 Young Widow

VOL. XI.

- 81 O'Flannigan and the F
- 82 Irish Post [r]
- 83 My Neighbor's Wife
- 84 Irish Tiger
- 85 P. P., or Man and Tig.
- 86 To Oblige Benson
- 87 State Secrets
- 88 Irish Yankee

VOL. XII.

- 89 A Good Fellow
- 90 Cherry and Fair Star
- 91 Gale Breezely
- 92 Our Jeiminy
- 93 Miller's Maid
- 94 Awkward Arrival
- 95 Crossing the Line
- 96 Conjugal Lesson

VOL. XIII.

- 97 My Wife's Mirror
- 98 Life in New York
- 99 Middy Ashore
- 100 Crown Prince
- 101 Two Queens
- 102 Thumping Legacy
- 103 Unfinished Gentleman
- 104 House Dog

VOL. XIV.

- 105 The Demon Lover
- 106 Matrimony
- 107 In and Out of Place
- 108 I Dine with My Mother
- 109 Hi-a-wa-tha
- 110 Andy Blake
- 111 Love in '76 [itles]
- 112 Romance under Difficul-

VOL. XV.

- 113 One Coat for 2 Suits
- 114 A Decided Case
- 115 Daughter [no rity]
- 116 No; or, the Glorious Mi-
- 117 Coroner's Inquisition
- 118 Love in Humble Life
- 119 Family Jars
- 120 Personation

VOL. XVI.

- 121 Children in the Wood
- 122 Winning a Husband
- 123 Day After the Fair
- 124 Make Your Wills
- 125 Rendezvous
- 126 My Wife's Husband
- 127 Monsieur Tonson
- 128 Illustrious Stranger

VOL. XVII.

- 129 Mischief-Making [Mines]
- 130 A Live Woman in the
- 131 The Corsair
- 132 Shaylock
- 133 Spoiled Child
- 134 Evil Eye
- 135 Nothing to Nurse
- 136 Wanted a Widow

VOL. XVIII.

- 137 Lottery Ticket
- 138 Fortune's Frolic
- 139 Is he Jealous?
- 140 Married Bachelor
- 141 Husband at Sight
- 142 Irishman in London
- 143 Anima! Magnetism
- 144 Highways and By-Ways

VOL. XIX.

- 145 Columbus
- 146 Harlequin Bluebeard
- 147 Ladies' at Home
- 148 Phenomenon in a Smock Frock
- 149 Comedy and Tragedy
- 150 Opposite Neighbors
- 151 Dutchman's Ghost
- 152 Persecuted Dutchman

VOL. XX.

- 153 Musard Ball
- 154 Great Tragic Revival
- 155 High Low Jack & Game
- 156 A Gentleman from Ire-
- 157 Tom and Jerry [land]
- 158 Village Lawyer
- 159 Captain's not A-miss
- 160 Amateurs and Actors

- 166 Lady of Bedchamber
- 167 Take Care of Little
- 168 Irish Widow [Charley]
- 169 Yankee Peddler
- 170 Hiram Hireout
- 171 Double-Bedded Room
- 172 The Drama Deiended
- 173 Vermont Wool Dealer
- 174 Ebenezer Venture [ter]
- 175 Principles from Charac-
- 176 Lady of the Lake (Trav)

VOL. XXIII.

- 177 Mad Dogs
- 178 Barney the Baron
- 179 Swiss Swains
- 180 Bachelor's Bedroom
- 181 A Roland for an Oliver
- 182 More Blunders than One
- 183 Dumb Belle
- 184 Limerick boy

VOL. XXIV.

- 185 Nature and Philosophy
- 186 Teddy the Tiler
- 187 Spectre Bridegroom
- 188 Matteo Falcone
- 189 Jenny Lind
- 190 Two Buzzards
- 191 Happy Man
- 192 Betsy Baker

VOL. XXV.

- 193 No. 1 Round the Corner
- 194 Teddy Roe
- 195 Object of Interest
- 196 My Fellow Clerk
- 197 Bengal Tiger
- 198 Laughing Hyena
- 199 The Victor Vanquished
- 200 Our Wife

VOL. XXVI.

- 201 My Husband's Mirror
- 202 Yankee Land
- 203 Norah Creina
- 204 Good for Nothing
- 205 The First Night
- 206 The Eton Boy
- 207 Wandering Minstrel
- 208 Wanted, 1000 Milliners

VOL. XXVII.

- 209 Poor Piccadilly
- 210 The Mummy [Glasses]
- 211 Don't Forget your Opera
- 212 Love in Livery
- 213 Anthony and Cleopatra
- 214 Trying It On
- 215 Stage Struck Yankee
- 216 Young Wife & Old Umbrella

VOL. XXVIII.

- 217 Crinolines
- 218 A Family Falling
- 219 Adopted Child
- 220 Turned Heads
- 221 A Match in the Dark
- 222 Advice to Husbands
- 223 Siamese Twins
- 224 Sent to the Tower

VOL. XXIX.

- 225 Somebody Else
- 226 Ladies' Battle
- 227 Art of Acting
- 228 The Lady of the Lions
- 229 The Rights of Man
- 230 My Husband's Ghost
- 231 Two Can Play at that Game
- 232 Fighting by Proxy

VOL. XXX.

- 233 Unprotected Female
- 234 Pet of the Petticoats
- 235 Forty and Fifty [book]
- 236 Who Stole the Pocket-
- 237 My Son Diana [ison]
- 238 Unwarrantable Int-u-
- 239 Mr. and Mrs. White
- 240 A Quiet Family

- 246 A Lover by Proxy [Pall]
- 247 Maid with the Milking
- 248 Perplexing Predicament
- 249 Dr. Dilworth
- 250 Out to Nurse
- 251 A Lucky Hit
- 252 The Dowager
- 253 Metamora (Burlesque)
- 254 Dreams of Delusion
- 255 The Shaker Lovers
- 256 Ticklish Times

VOL. XXXIII.

- 257 20 Minutes with a Tiger
- 258 Miranda; or, the Justice of Tacou
- 259 A Soldier's Courtship
- 260 Servants by Legacy
- 261 Dying for Love
- 262 Alarming Sacrifice
- 263 Valet de Sham
- 264 Nicholas Nickleby

VOL. XXXIV.

- 265 The Last of the Pigstails
- 266 King Rene's Daughter
- 267 The Grotto Nymph
- 268 A Devilish Good Joke
- 269 A Twice Told Tale
- 270 Pas de Fascination
- 271 Revolutionary Soldier
- 272 A Man Without a Head

VOL. XXXV.

- 273 The Olio, Part 1
- 274 The Olio, Part 2
- 275 The Olio, Part 3 [ter]
- 276 The Trumpeter's Daugh-
- 277 Seeling Warren
- 278 Green Mountain Boy
- 279 That Nose
- 280 Tom Noddy's Secret

VOL. XXXVI.

- 281 Shocking Events
- 282 A Regular Flx
- 283 Dick Turpin
- 284 Young Scimp
- 285 Young Actress
- 286 Call at No. 1-7
- 287 One Touch of Nature
- 288 Two B'hoys

VOL. XXXVII.

- 289 All the World's a Stage
- 290 Quash, or Nigger Prac-
- 291 Turn Him Out [tles]
- 292 Pretty Girls of Stillberg
- 293 Angel of the Attie
- 294 C-cumstancesalter Cases
- 295 Katty O'Sheal
- 296 A Supper in Dixie

VOL. XXXVIII.

- 297 Icl on Parle Francis
- 298 Who Killed Cock Robin
- 299 Declaration of Independ-
- 300 Heads or Tails [ence]
- 301 Obstinate Family
- 302 My Aunt
- 303 That Rascal Pat
- 304 Don Paddy de Bazar

VOL. XXXIX.

- 305 Too Much for Good Na-
- 306 Cure for the Fidgets
- 307 Jack's the Lad
- 308 Much Ado About Nothing
- 309 Artful Dodger
- 310 Winning Hazard
- 311 Day's Fishing [&c.]
- 312 Did you ever send your,

VOL. XL.

- 313 An Irishman's Manuever
- 314 Cousin Fannie
- 315 'Tis the Darkest Hour be-
- 316 Masquerade [fore Dawn]
- 317 Crowding the Season
- 318 Good Night's Rest
- 319 Man with the Carpet Bag
- 320 Terrible Tinker

(French's Minor Drama Continued on 3d page of Cover.)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City.

New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request.